



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE COMIC OFFERING.

BY LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

Among a number "of old friends, with new faces" the "Comic Offering" for 1835 presented itself to our notice; and although, from the elegance of their outward trappings, as well as from the intrinsic value of their inward contents, some of the others seemed to bespeak our earliest attention, still, being at the moment in a mood rather to have our fancy tickled than our mind or our imagination deeply impressed, we turned mechanically, we might say instinctively, to Miss Sheridan's little work, which we

find is equally full of fun and frolic as her last year's "Offering." Indeed, were it merely for the humour and point in the engravings, we might fairly recommend it to the patronage and support of our laughter-loving countrymen. As it is an old adage, however, that example goes far beyond precept, we shall allow our readers to judge of its merits by giving them, in our rude way, a copy of *four out of sixty designs*, with which the little work is embellished; and by adding to these, one of the *least* comical, though certainly not *worst* stories in the volume, together with a specimen of the poetry, we think they will be able to form a tolerably correct opinion.



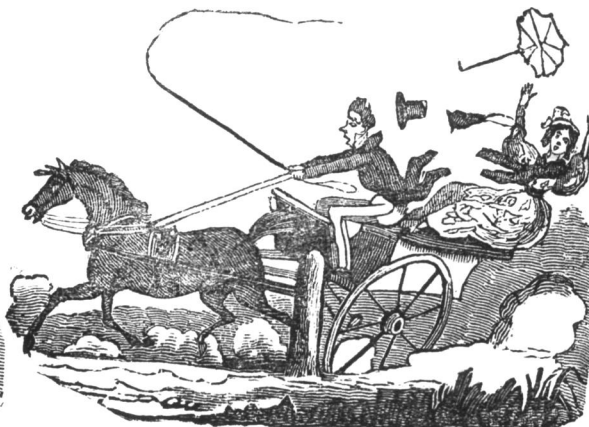
Organic remains!



"Eyes right!"
"Please, Sir, I cawn't!"



Offer of a hand!



Delivery by the Post!

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER—A FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WHO CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLE."

An uncommonly dull season at the demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of Scratchby had concluded, leaving things in a more melancholy state of stagnation than it had found them! The few migrating idlers who had ventured thither, fled before the chilling blast of an early au-

turn; the proprietors of furnished villas and apartments were in despair. Tradesmen scarcely dared look at the gazette, lest they should behold their own names among the bankrupts; the milliners walked about with rueful looks, dressed in their own unsold finery, wondering how it was to be paid for; and the owners of bathing machines were ready to drown themselves off their own steps!

Dismal November, with all its fogs had set in; and if

November in London be proverbial for its gloom, what must it be in a little ill-built smoky town, on the eastern coast of England, where people have nothing to amuse them but watching the arrival of herring-boats, or the departure of sprat-fishers, the flight of sea-gulls, or the periodical ebb and flow of the tide!

The most inveterate gossips of Scratchby became at length weary of propounding to each other the question, "*What news?*" on account of the eternal reply, "*No news!*"—when a sudden excitement was given to their suspended animation, by hearing that a stranger had actually arrived—how, when, or whence, no one knew; but he occupied the best apartments at the principal hotel, rose at twelve, breakfasted at one, dined at eight, excommunicated steel forks, ordered dishes with unheard of names, and called for wines, the mention of which made the landlord's wig stand on end! Moreover he burned wax-lights, and read no newspaper but the *Morning Post*: "by all which tokens it was plain that he was a person of consequence," said the landlady, who had once filled the situation of lady's maid in a nobleman's family.

The landlord said he was quite satisfied respecting guests, if they paid their reckoning, which the stranger had insisted on doing every night; the young ladies of the house thought it very singular that the gentleman had no baggage; yet his dress was scrupulously neat, and fresh every day, though no one could discover what became of the clothes he took off!

Yet, notwithstanding this disqualifying circumstance, the young ladies were sure he was somebody extraordinary. He was so tall and thin, and interestingly sallow, and had such expressive dark eyes: besides he wore no cravat. Had it been ten years sooner, he *must* have been Lord Byron, or the Great Unknown, or Prince Leopold looking out for a second wife at Scratchby; as it was, they only ventured to surmise him into the ex-duke of Brunswick, one of the Buonapartes, or some titled sentimentalist, in search of disinterested love. It is the disposition of the world at large, much more the word in *little*, to surmise the *worst* of every one: but the mysterious lodger, though a man without a name, and without baggage, was evidently the master of a well-filled purse, which in these virtuous days compensates for the lack of every thing else! The report of this having transpired, there was a meeting of the Scratchby exclusives, to debate whether the mysterious lodger should be admitted to the society of "the head persons of the borough," at which the majority considered mine hostess's standard of aristocracy as quite orthodox; and "the breakfast at one, dinner at eight, French dishes, Rhenish wines, silver forks, wax lights, and the *Morning Post*," must be indubitable symptoms of high breeding!

After the adventure of Lord A——B——'s incognito, these worthies were disposed to look upon every pedlar, who carried a smaller pack than usual, as a peer of the realm in disguise. So they came to the conclusion, that the mysterious lodger at the Mermaid was an itinerant of rank, whose friendship it would be desirable to cultivate, and they would favour him with a visit: but as it is *rather* awkward to call on a person without even knowing his *name*, they summoned mine host of the Mermaid, and put him to the question ordinary and extraordinary.—Mine host professed his ignorance respecting his lodger, observing that it would be wastily impertinent to question any one who behaved so *genteelly* as to pay his reckoning every night. "Besides," added he, "had it been a possible thing for *any* one to do, our mistress, Sir, would have found out his name before he had been in the house six hours, for she is a special person at secrets."

"It is only a walk to the post-office, at the worst," so-liloquized Mr. Fox, the recorder, taking up his hat.

"Yes, yes, sure to find it out there," rejoined the sagacious mayor, nodding his head, and all the corporation nodded their heads also, while the great man of the town, Mr. Loftus, the banker, whistled, "We are a noddin'."

Mr. Fox presently returned with a blank countenance. "The gentleman at the Mermaid had never received a letter!"

The exclusives were now in greater perplexity than

ever respecting the incognito "who breakfasted at one, dined at eight," &c. &c.

"You shall wait upon him with the subscription book of the reading-rooms, Mr. Hawk," said the mayor, after a pause, "and request him to add his name to the list."

"And if he ask what papers and periodicals we take, be sure to say, the *Morning Post*, St. James's *Chronicle*, and the *Courier*; Blackwood's *Magazine*, and the *Quarterly*," added Mr. Loftus.

"We'll write by this day's post, and stop the *Times*, and the *Traveller*, and the *Star*," said Mr. Fox, "and we'll order John Bull, and the *Tory County paper*."

"Very good," observed the town clerk; and do you, Boniface, present my compliments to your lodger, and say I wish to speak to him."

Mine host, who had formed a shrewd idea of his guest's peculiarities, undertook the office with any thing but alacrity.

His mysterious lodger was reposing at full length on a hard narrow sofa, with a crumpled red-and-yellow chintz cover, dosing over the *Morning Post*, when he entered and delivered Mr. Hawk's message.

"Hey, what d'ye say? a new sort of fish in town?" yawned the object of universal interest.

"No, Sir; Mr. Hawk, the town-clerk's compliments, and he will be happy to speak to you."

"What does he want? let him send his business."

"Send his business! why, to be sure, Sir, you don't know what sort of a gentleman our town-clerk is."

"No, nor do I wish to acquire any knowledge of him; I am acquainted with too many troublesome persons already!"

"Well, Sir, to be sure, Sir, it's all very true, Sir, but pray, Sir, what am I to say to Mr. Hawk, Sir?"

"Any thing you like, except that I shall be happy to see him—for I have an especial dislike to busy bodies!"

"And you wish him to send his business, Sir?"

"No, I do not wish to be plagued with it, but, if he insists upon it, I suppose I must."

Mine host descended to the committee below, and, with some amendments, repeated the ungracious speeches of his mysterious lodger.

Mr. Hawk looked white; the corporation and the mayor looked at Mr. Loftus.

"Person of consequence, no doubt," observed the latter, who did not rightly understand the difference between persons of consequence, and consequential persons, "Here, landlord, take the book of subscribers to the gentleman, and say Mr. Loftus and the gentlemen of Scratchby desire their compliments, and hope he will do them the honour of adding his distinguished name to their society at the reading-room."

"Society at the reading-room!—add my distinguished name, (what do they know of that I wonder?)—to such a set as this!" muttered the mysterious lodger, glancing his eye quickly over the list of the little great of Scratchby; then contemptuously tossing the sacred book from him, he resumed the study of the *Morning Post*.

The message, if message it could be called, was repeated to the eagerly-expecting conclave.

"Are you certain he observed *my* name?" demanded Mr. Loftus.

"And mine? and mine? and mine?" inquired the mayor, Mr. Fox, and every member of the corporation, and genteel resident in the town, from class A, down to about class G.

"Don't you think we had better commit him as a vagrant or ill-disposed person, Mr. Worshipful?" said the attorney, hesitatingly.

"And then you can *compel* him to give some account of himself," observed the offended town-clerk.

"Of what can we accuse him?" asked the chief magistrate.

"Of being a Radical," said Mr. Loftus.

"But he reads the *Morning Post*," rejoined the curate.

"All art and grimace," said Mr. Hawk. "I'll wager any thing that he has some of Cobbett's thrash in his possession, if he were now searched."

"Farmer Rickman's stacks were fired the night before last, you know, gentlemen, by some maliciously-disposed

person, whose name is unknown," said the attorney, significantly.

"And whom are we to suspect, unless it be a suspicious person?" rejoined Mr. Hawk.

"Very true," said Mr. Loftus, "and it was only yesterday that I received myself a threatening letter, signed 'Swing.'"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the whole conclave.

"Then, Sir," said the attorney, "you may depend this mysterious lodger at the Mermaid is neither more nor less than that *ignis fatuus* villain, Swing himself, and, perhaps, cousin germain to the Irish Captain Rock, whom no one has yet been able to catch."

This speech was received with universal applause; and the corporation were now far more desirous of hanging the mysterious lodger, than they had been a few minutes before of cultivating his acquaintance. Mine host was summoned and cross-examined as to his guest's mode of spending his time; when, to their infinite satisfaction, Mr. Boniface admitted that the party suspected went out about six o'clock on the evening the conflagration took place; and, though he had ordered dinner at the usual hour, did not return until after midnight.

"A plain case, a plain case," was murmured through the room.

"Have you ever observed any thing of a suspicious nature lying about in his apartments?" queried Mr. Fox.

"No, Sir," replied mine host; "no, Sir, not so much as a nightcap; and our Betty is of opinion he does not wear such a thing."

"Had you not better summon Betty, Mr. Mayor, to give her evidence?" asked Mr. Fox.

"Certainly, by all means," responded Mr. Worshipful; and Mrs. Betty, smirking and curtesying, yet frightened at the awful presence, entered the room.

"Well," said the mayor, with an encouraging nod, "what have you to say of the suspicious character who has taken up his abode in this house?"

"Why, lawk, Sir, I doesn't wish to say any thing against the gentleman, though he be rather a spicious person, as you say."

"Mr. Hawk, take down, that Betty Brown, the chambermaid, considers him a very suspicious character," said the mayor.

"Oh, pray, my honours, don't go to set down any thing that I should say against the gentleman's character," exclaimed Betty, in great agitation. "I am sure he has always behaved in the genteel manner to me, giving me a shilling every evening when I brings him his night candle, and what was still genteeler than that, when he gave me half-a-crown the day of the fire, to go and buy him a sixpenny box of Lucifers, he wouldn't take none of the change, but said, 'Molly, never mind the change, it will do to buy you a ribbon, for you are a very honest girl in bringing me back so much money, for I never got a box of Lucifers so cheap before, and I use a good many,' says he."

"Now, gentlemen," exclaimed the mayor, "I think we may congratulate ourselves on being instrumental in bringing such a notorious delinquent to justice. You find, by his own voluntary confession to Betty, that he has long been addicted to the infernal practice of purchasing Lucifers to assist in his demoniacal amusement of incendiarism. I say that hanging is too good for such a villain."

"Very true," observed Mr. Loftus, "and it is a pity the laws will not admit of his being burned alive."

"Sir," I quite agree with you," said Mr. Hawk; "but, Mr. Mayor, you had better commit him on strong suspicion of having been the author of the late conflagration."

"Very good," replied the mayor; "but I must summons him before my worshipful self first, you know, and examine him myself on the charge of having maliciously and wilfully set fire to neighbour Rickman's stack."

So a summons was issued without further delay; but to their infinite disappointment, the constable who had been dispatched with it, after searching every nook and corner of the hotel, returned with the information, "that he was no where to be found!"

"Absconded by all that's circumstantial!" exclaimed Mr. Hawk.

"Lawk, gentlemen," simpered Betty, "he is only gone out for a walk as he do every day into the country, to look about him a bit, and he's sure to be home to dinner, because he have ordered some of his heathen messes, to be ready by eight o'clock; for I heard him tell our missus, he chose some 'mutton-go-lawney' soup, and a homlet, and some *petticoat lays*, which are nothing in the world but some lamb-chops, and a *stew-flea* by way of pudding; so you may be sure, my honours, he will be home to eat such a dinner as that; for if he don't I am sure nobody else will."

"It is my opinion that this person ought to be pursued in all directions, without loss of time," said Mr. Hawk.

And so thought the mayor, and every member of the corporation who was possessed of a horse, or could afford to hire one, or knew how to play the equestrian: and within half an hour all the cavalry of Scratchby was in motion, with Mr. Loftus at their head; for Mr. Worshipful, though a mayor, was a poor manager of a horse, and preferred bringing up the rear in his comfortable stanhope.

Although there were several bowery green lanes in which a fugitive might have sought temporary shelter from the formidable pursuit of the civil authorities, they disdained to diverge from the straight line of the turnpike road, and had not proceeded more than three miles before they overtook the object of their suspicion; nay, more, detected him in the very act of striding across the pales of Sir Mowbray Mortimer's park!

Mr. Loftus being a resolute man, instantly leaped from his saddle, and with the town clerk, the recorder, the constable, and one or two of the most courageous members of the corporation, succeeded in surrounding, and taking into custody, the suspected incendiary, whom, though an elegant and fashionably dressed man, they loaded with every vituperative epithet which their indignation at his evil deeds could suggest.

The mysterious lodger protested against the violence and illegality of their very extraordinary proceedings, in terms which indicated his familiarity with the technicalities of the bar, to the infinite astonishment of his arch enemies—the town clerk, and the recorder, who were not prepared to find a professional brother in a villainous incendiary.

The mayor now coming up, insisted (as he had passed the bounds of his own jurisdiction) on taking the object of their suspicions before Sir Mowbray Mortimer, who being a very active J. P. (and moreover, a strict manorist!) was not very likely to look favourably on the trespass and character of the mysterious lodger.

Sir Mowbray hastened to give audience to these bustling civilians and *incivilians*, secretly wondering for which of his sins he was punished with the infliction of a visit from such a set of intolerable bores! However, as the aristocracy are "the politest" people in the world, he received the Scratchby *consequentials* with all the courtesy of "a person of consequence," and, instead of asking their business, waited for them to unfold it.

"Sir Mowbray Mortimer, sir," commenced the mayor, "I dare say you are surprised to see me here so far out of the bounds of my jurisdiction; but, Sir, as a brother magistrate, I beg to state that I and my corporation left Scratchby this afternoon in pursuit of the celebrated incendiary, Swing, whom we happily caught on your manor, Sir Mowbray, in the illegal and felonious act of striding over your park pales!"

"Indeed, Sir!" said Sir Mowbray, whose curiosity now began to be excited; "and where is he?"

"Sir, he is waiting, handcuffed, in the hall, under charge of Dick, the constable."

Sir Mowbray having signified his wish to see the object of suspicion, Dick, the constable, was desired to bring his prisoner forward; the latter advanced with greater alacrity than could be expected from a person under his circumstances—but what was the surprise of his captors when they heard Sir Mowbray greet him with,

"Why, my dear Littleton, what riots have you been engaged in, since you were last here, to entitle you to those bracelets?" laughing, and pointing to the handcuffs.

"So far from engaging in riots, my dear fellow, re-

sponded the prisoner, "that, as I had heard what bellicose people the men of Scratchby were, I eschewed their society altogether till the arrival of my fellow commissioner, Mr. Boreham Brushall, might enable me to inquire into the abuses of this corporation with sufficient effect. But in the mean time, Mr. Mayor and the rest of them having determined to be beforehand with me, I suppose, accuse me of being no less a person, Mortimer, than that notorious will-o'-the-wisp, Mr. Swing!"

"On what grounds, may I ask, have this worshipful assemblage brought this accusation against my friend here, who is the Honourable Blackstone Littleton, of the Inner Temple, one of the commissioners empowered by ministers to inquire into the abuses of corporate bodies?" asked Sir Mowbray, as soon as he could conquer his risibility.

"Will Mr. Littleton be pleased to account for his absence from the Mermaid between six in the evening, and an hour past midnight on the night of the conflagration on Farmer Rickman's premises?" said Mr. Hawk, the only one who was not struck speechless by the ominous name and business of the mysterious lodger.

"Mr. Littleton did me the honour of dining with me at seven that evening, and kindly remained here till nearly the hour you mention," said Sir Mowbray.

"But, sir, the purchase of the box of Lucifers still remains to be explained," said the abashed, yet pertinacious town-clerk.

"Sir," replied Mr. Littleton, "I always use Lucifers to ignite my cigars, for which purpose I purchased a box of these articles on the day of which you speak. I happen to have it about me, gentlemen, and beg to produce it for your satisfaction, still unopened. And now, gentlemen, I hope when I, in conjunction with my colleague, Mr. Brushall, (whom I expect to-morrow) proceed to inquire into corporation abuses, you will be able to return as satisfactory answers to our queries, as I have done to yours!"

The mayor and corporation, who had dreaded the long threatened advent of these commissioners of inquiry, worse than the cholera, stood aghast at the adventure, while Dick, the constable, scarcely needed their sign to release the wrists of this important personage from the handcuffs.

"Indeed, Sir," apologized Mr. Fox, "if you had only been kind enough to add your name to the list of the reading-room, we should have been aware who you were, and conducted ourselves with proper respect."

"I am sure, Sir, if we had taken you for a gentleman, it would have been very different," whined the mayor.

"And if you had suspected me of being a commissioner of inquiry," said Mr. Littleton, "I suppose I might have purchased Lucifers enough to put the whole county in a blaze, without being called to an account for it—so that I had not thrown too much light on your proceedings."

For the benefit of such of my readers as may be curious respecting the development of minor mysteries, I beg to state that Mr. Commissioner Littleton's portmanteau having been mis-sent, he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing articles of dress of his friend, Sir Mowbray Mortimer, at whose mansion he had regularly performed his mysterious toilet, while he had been the "mysterious lodger" at the Mermaid!

A MARRYING MAN.

BY MRS. AEDY.

Never warn me, my dear, to take care of my heart,
When I dance with yon Lancer, so fickle and smart;
What phantoms the mind of eighteen can create,
That boast not a charm at discreet twenty-eight;
A partner, 'tis true, I would gladly command,
But that partner must boast of wealth, houses, and land;
I have looked round the ball-room, and, try what I can,
I fail to discover one Marrying Man!

Time was, in the pride of my girlhood's bright dawn,
All but talented men I regarded with scorn,

Wits, authors, and artists, then beamed me about,
Who might each have passed muster at Lady Cork's rout;

In duets, I had always a second well skilled;
My album with sonnets and sketches was filled;
I went on the brisk "march of intellect" plan,
But the "march" countermands ev'ry Marrying Man!

How oft, when mamma would sage counsels impart,
Have I pouted and wept at her hardness of heart;
She cared not for genius—her idol was pelf;
Now I've grown just as icy and hard as herself.
Alike I am rock to the handsome and wise,
To wit and to waltzing, to singing and sighs,
Nay, Phœbus himself would come under my bun,
For he certainly is not a Marrying Man!

Finding London a failure, I varied my path,
I "took tea" with the painted old ladies of Bath;
At Hastings, the hills laboured panting to reach;
At Ramsgate, sat out with a book on the beach;
At Cheltenham walk'd to the band's matin sound,
At Brighton, "missed aim" on the archery ground!
Through each place pointed out by the "Guide," have I ran,

But the Guide would not point to one Marrying Man!

That object seems still the philosopher's stone,
Another "ninth statue," a new "Great Unknown";
I have tried all the schemes and manœuvres of old,
And must strike out some measure decisive and bold.
I'll try a *deep* plan in the diving-bell soon,
Or, with Green's assistance, I'll visit the moon!
Yes, yes—sure the last's an infallible plan,
If the "Man in the Moon" be—A MARRYING MAN!

MONASTERY OF CLONARD IN THE COUNTY OF MEATH.

This now insignificant spot, which is situate near the river Boyne, in the barony of Moyfeurath, and county of Meath, was formerly a place of great splendour and considerable importance. It was heretofore called Chlaini-raird, which signifies the retirement on the western height, and more anciently Rossfunchuill. However inconsiderable it appears at present, it was once famed as a bishop's see, and boasted of an abbey of regular canons as well as of a nunnery for regular canonesses, dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

St. Kyrán, the son of Boëtius and Dasercha, who was called the son of the artificer, and in the year 548 founded the famous abbey of Clonmacnoise, in the King's County, having received a grant of that place, together with Inis-Aingin and one hundred churches in Meath, from Dermid, the son of Cervail, monarch of Ireland, a short time before his death, which took place in 549, bestowed Clonard upon St. Finian. Finian, who was of high descent, and eminent as a divine and philosopher, founded here an abbey, and dedicated it to St. Peter. He also established a school here, at which were instructed several men remarkable for learning and piety. In the year 548 he died of the plague, on the 12th of December, on which day annually he is commemorated at Clonard.

From the annals of the abbey of Clonard we collect the following, as the most remarkable of the vicissitudes to which it was exposed. In the year 838 the Danes destroyed it and put the clergy to the sword. These ruthless invaders also destroyed it in 888. King Congalach, in 949, exempted it from cess and other charges. In 1156, the people of Brefney (now the county of Leitrim and part of Cavan) not only rivalled but surpassed the Danes in the ruthlessness of their conduct towards this religious house; for they not only ravaged and sacked the abbey, but stripped naked O'Daly, then chief poet of Ireland, leaving him in that situation. They at the same time carried away the sword of St. Finian, an instrument which, indeed, must have been better suited to the hands of such freebooters than to those of the inmates of a peaceful monastery. Donnald O'Doin Fhiacha, lord of Teaffia, became a great penitent, and died here in 1141; and a great part of the abbey, and all the library was consumed by